

NOT A HERO.

A cloud of sinister-dotted smoke whirled below the red devil.
Thrust through by nothing, swords of flame that rose like blasts from hell.
A floor whose charred timbers groined and creaked beneath the tread.
With starting plants that gasped, show long lines of silent feet.
Great, hissing, scalding jets of steam, that, lifting rows of valves.
A crocodile's snout gripping tight the nose of a hose.
The dripping, rubber-coated form, scarce seen amid the murk.
Of Fireman Mike O'Rafferty attending to his work.
Pressed close against the blistered floor, he strikes the fire to drown,
And slowly, surely, steadfastly, he fights the demon down.
And then he seeks the window-frame, all sashless, blank and bare,
And wipes his plucky Irish face and gasps a bit for air.
Then, standing on the slimy ledge, as narrow as his feet.
He hums a tune, and looks straight down at stories to the street;
Far, far below he sees the crowd's pale faces flush and fade,
But Fireman Mike O'Rafferty can't stop to be afraid.
Sometimes he climbs long ladders, through a fiery, burning rain,
To reach a pallid face that glares behind a crackling pane;
Sometimes he feels his foothold shake with giddy swing and sway,
And barely leaps to safety as the crashing roof gives way.
Sometimes, pained in and stifling fast, he waits, with courage grim,
And hears the willing axes ply that strive to rescue him;
But sometime, somewhere, somehow, help may come a bit too late
For Fireman Mike O'Rafferty of Engine Twenty-eight.
And then the morning paper may have half a column filled
With: "Fire at Bullion's Warehouse," and the line "A Fireman Killed."
And, in a neat, cheap tenement a wife may mourn her dead,
And all the small O'Raffertys go fatherless to bed.
And he'll not be a hero, for, you see, he didn't fall.
On some blood-spattered battlefield, slain by a rifle-ball;
But, maybe, on the other side, on God's great roll of fame,
Plain Fireman Mike O'Rafferty'll be counted just the same.
—Joe Lincoln, in L. A. W. Bulletin.



The Passing of Bigfoot Wallace.
(Original.)
BIGFOOT WALLACE is dead," thus read a score head in this morning's Post, "the hero of many sanguinary encounters with the Indians no more."
The man who, in my younger days, I took for a model of all that was manly; whose tracks I have followed breathlessly through column after column, page after page, and chapter after chap-



ter of half dime literature is no more. Dead! and oh, such a death! That he should have died lying supinely on his bed, out down by the prosaic saythe of Father Time; it is too much.
I did not read the Post; no doubt it dealt gently with the hero of my boyhood's days, but that edition should have been suppressed; I had years ago killed Bigfoot Wallace; killed him in such a manner as gave me great satisfaction and redounded to his undying glory. Often in the dead of night have I followed him, barefooted and clothed only in my nightgown; onward and onward we have pushed our way into the very camps of hostile aborigines; through gloomy forests whose every tree trunk concealed a lurking redskin; where the twanging bow string, the hurrying tomahawk and the blood-curdling warwhoop have waked the shuddering echoes.
How I have gloated over whole tribes of painted savages left wallowing in their gore, as the big-footed avenger pursued his noose; how I have held my breath as he softly stole into village after village, slow guard after guard and rescued maiden after maiden from a captivity which the narrative confidentially assured me was worse than death.

sad have with the idols of our boyhood. I had almost forgotten Bigfoot Wallace, but the knowledge that he has died, and in bed, comes as a severe shock even after all these years.
J. M. LEWIS.
Not Homestead.
A 14-year-old boy whose devotion to his widowed mother is a pretty thing to see, was sent to a preparatory school in a town which is nearly 24 hours' journey from his home. He arrived late in the afternoon. Early the next morning he wrote the following letter, which his mother received as quickly as the mail could deliver it into her hands:
"Dear Ma—I am not a bit homesick, but I should think you might write a fellow once in awhile. Your affectionate Tom."—Youth's Companion.
He Is Everything at Once.
"I don't know that there is much use in my keeping my school open more than a month or two each year," said the German pedagogue.
"Why is that?"
"Our emperor has simplified matters to such an extent that when you ask the name of the world's greatest poet, painter, musician, general, traveler or scholar, there is only one answer to

FREAKS OF THE MEMORY.

Curious Psychological Phenomena—How Facts Are Recalled.

The queer freaks of memory are a constant puzzle to those who study psychological phenomena. Who has not been driven to the verge of distraction by the total inability to recall a name when an effort was made to do so, and when the occasion for such remembrance was past had the missing name dash into the mind apparently of its own volition? How many of us can recall readily the chief incidents of the last 12 months, and say accurately in what month they occurred? Try it and see.

Great minds have wrestled to find an explanation for the pranks that memory plays, and have had to give up the effort. In the course of a systematic effort to arrive at some understanding with regard to the wonders of memory a very valuable and unique body of testimony has been obtained. The following questions have been put to 200 American university students and professional persons, 151 being men and 49 being women. The answers are here given with the questions:

Question 1. When you cannot recall a name you want, does it seem to come back spontaneously without being suggested by any perceived association of ideas? To this 11 per cent. answered "No" and 81 per cent. "Yes."

Q. 2. Does such recovery ever come during sleep? To this 17 per cent. answered "No" and 83 "Yes."

Some examples given:
1. This morning I tried to recall the name of a character I had read of the night before in one of Scott's novels and failed. I taught a class and walking home in the afternoon all the names recurred to me without effort.

2. I tried to recall the name of a book. Gave it up. Half an hour later, while talking of something else, blurted it out without conscious volition.

Q. 3. On seeing a light or hearing a sound for the first time have you ever felt that you had seen (or heard) the same before? Fifty-nine per cent. answered "Yes."

The action of unconscious memory during sleep is illustrated by further queries:

Q. 4. Do you dream? Ninety-four per cent. answered "Yes."

Q. 5. Can you wake at a given hour determined before going to sleep without waking up many times before? Fifty-nine per cent. answered "Yes." Thirty-one per cent. answered "No."

Q. 6. If you can, how about failure? Sixty-nine per cent. seldom fail, 25 per cent. often.

Q. 7. Do you come direct from oblivion into consciousness? Sixty-four per cent. answered "Yes" and 16 per cent. "Gradually."

Examples:

1. I had to give medicine exactly every two hours to my wife. I am a very sound sleeper, but for six weeks I woke up every two hours and never missed giving the medicine.

2. I am always awake five minutes before the hour I set the alarm.

3. I had had little sleep for ten days and went to bed at nine, asking to be called at midnight. I fell asleep at once. I rose and dressed as the clock struck 12, and could not believe I had not been called.

A strange phenomenon has come to light in the course of the inquiry into the mystery of memory. It has been discovered that by gazing steadily at a crystal consciousness is partly lost. Into the void thus produced those who have practiced crystal gazing find that there enter, unbidden, forgotten incidents and lost memories. To give a few instances: A lady in crystal gazing saw a bit of dark wall covered with white flowers. She was conscious that she must have seen it somewhere, but had no recollection where. She walked over the ground she had just traversed and found the wall, which she had passed unnoticed.

She took out her bank book another day. Shortly afterward she was gazing at the crystal and saw nothing but the number one. She thought it was some hack number, but, taking up the bank book, found, to her surprise, it was the number of the account.

At another time she destroyed a letter without noting the address; she could only remember the town. After gazing at the crystal some time she saw "321 Jefferson avenue." She addressed a letter there, adding the town, and found it was right.

A lady sat in a room to write where she had sat eight years before. She felt her feet moving restlessly under the table and then remembered that eight years before she always had a footstool. It was this her feet were seeking.

Psychical research brings to light many cases of similar strange tricks of memory. It is easy to find instances that serve to deepen the mystery. It is not so easy to give an explanation. The cleverest men who have attempted to do so have had to admit defeat.
—Washington Post.

Many Princesses.

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E. W. HALL, Sole manufacturer, P. O. box 218, Waco, Texas.
For sale by T. D. Armistead, Hopkinsville, Ky.

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J. C. McCONNELL.

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Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. McCONNELL*

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Are you bilious, constipated or troubled with jaundice, sick headache, bad taste in mouth, foul breath, coated tongue, dyspepsia, indigestion, hot dry skin, pain in back and between the shoulders, chills and fever, etc. If you have any of these symptoms your liver is out of order, and your blood is slowly being poisoned, because your blood does not act properly. Herbine will cure any disorder of the liver, stomach or bowels. It has no equal as a liver medicine. Price 75 cents. Free trial bottle at R. C. Hardwick's drug store.

Blessings are like children; to be appreciated they must be few and far between.

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Lv Princeton 5:00 a.m. 3:50 p.m. 5:10 p.m.
Lv Paducah 5:30 a.m. 5:10 p.m.
Lv Henderson 10:00 a.m. 7:10 p.m.
Lv Evansville 10:10 a.m. 7:15 p.m.
Lv Louisville 9:10 p.m.
Train 31 daily as at at Hopkinsville 9 a.m.
Train 32 daily as at at Hopkinsville 1:15 p.m.
Train 33 daily as at at Hopkinsville 5:50 p.m.
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L. & N. TIME TABLE
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No. 53—Fast Line..... 6:35 a. m.
No. 51—Fast Mail..... 5:27 p. m.
No. 91—N. O. Limited..... 12:08 a. m.
TRAINS NORTH.
No. 92—Chicago Limited 9:09 p. m.
No. 52—St. Lou. Ex. & mail 9:45 a. m.
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Clermont 9:10 p.m. 10:35 a.m.
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Lewisport 10:05 p.m. 11:35 a.m.
Owensboro 10:15 p.m. 11:45 a.m.
Spotsville 11:10 p.m. 12:45 p.m.
St. Henderson 11:20 p.m. 1:15 p.m.
EAST BOUND No. 63 Daily No. 64 Daily
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Spotsville 7:45 a.m. 9:15 p.m.
Owensboro 8:25 a.m. 9:55 p.m.
Lewisport 8:40 a.m. 10:10 p.m.
Clermont 9:15 a.m. 10:45 p.m.
St. Stephens 9:30 a.m. 11:00 p.m.
Irvington 10:15 a.m. 11:45 p.m.
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